with Jewish names, and so on. Hundreds of truckloads were dumped at a designated place; a giant pyre was built, soaked with gasoline, and set on fire. Two of my books were burned among others—the German edition of my memoirs.

In the ADGB we continued our routine work, waiting for the blow to strike. In the early days of the Third Reich, the labor unions were not subject to special persecution. Their members and officials were assailed mainly in connection with their activities in the S-D party and the Reichsbanner. The tension of uncertainty and vague expectations became unbearable. I went to Leipart and asked him what he thought organized labor should do. He said, "I wish I knew. Maybe you know the answer."

"Perhaps a general strike?" I suggested.

"We have missed the time," he replied. "We should have struck on February 28, after they burned the Reichstag."

But he considered the possibility of a local strike in the event of a direct attack on local unions. He raised this question at a meeting of the board, and in a general way everyone agreed that the unions must be ready to meet the challenge. But how, when, and where? All the union presidents had the same feeling: "We have missed the time." In April, Brown Shirts occupied the headquarters of several unions. This step did not seem to warrant a general strike. Perhaps a local walkout? But who was to order and lead it?

May Day, the traditional Labor Day in Europe, was approaching when the board received a letter from the new Ministry of Labor. The government had decided to make May 1 the day of unity of the German people. The Führer himself would head the festivities. Workers would have an opportunity to manifest their patriotism and devotion to the new regime. Our federation was invited to participate in the parade, with all other German men and women. The members of free unions would march in separate columns under their banners. Their participation in the national parade would testify to their "co-ordination" with the new regime.

Leipart read the letter at the board's meeting. He was a broken old man. His voice trembled when he said, "Here we are. We have no choice."

All sat in silence. Leipart turned to me. "Or do we have a choice? You advised us two years ago, Woytinsky. What would you say now?"

"Your choice," I replied, "is between handing over your unions to the Nazis or letting them come and take them. This does not make much difference now, but the day will come when it will make a big difference."

"Your advice?" Leipart insisted.

"Not to surrender."